

The Tragedie

He winne our ancient right in France againe,  
Or dye a souldier as I ha'd a King,

*Glo.* Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.

*Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.*

*Buc.* Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke,

*Prin.* Richard of Yorke how fares our noble brother?

*Yor.* Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

*Prin.* I brother to our grieffe, as it is yours:

Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,

Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,

*Glo.* How fares our cousen noble Lo. of Yorke.

*Yor.* I thanke you gentile vncle; O my Lord,

You said that Id'e weeds are fast ingrowth;

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

*Glo.* He hath my Lord.

*Yor.* and therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.

*Yor.* Then he is more beholding to you then I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my soueraigne,

But you haue power in me as in a kinsman,

*Yor.* I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger little cousen with all my heart.

*Prin.* A begger brother?

*Yor.* Of my kind vncle that I know will giue

And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,

*Glo.* A greater gift then that I'll giue my cousen.

*Yor.* A greater gift, O thats the sword too it.

*Glo.* I gentle cousen were it light enough.

*Yor.* O then I see you will part but with light gifts,

In weightier things youle say a beeger nay.

*Glo.* It is to weighty for your grace to weare.

*Yor.* I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

*Glo.* What would you haue my weapon little Lo.

*Yor.* I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

*Glo.* How? *Yor.* Little.

*Prin.* My Lo. of Yorke will still bee croffe in talke:

Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

*Yor.* You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;

Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape.

He thinks that you should beare me one your shoulders,

*Buc.* With what a sharpe prouided wit hee reasons,

To mitigate the scorne hee giue his vncle,

He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:

So cunning: and so young is wonderfull.

*Glo.* My Lo. wilt please you passe along?

My selfe and my good cousen *Buckynghams,*

Will to your mother, to intreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*Yor.* What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?

*Prin.* My Lord protector will haue it so.

*Yor.* I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why what should you feare?

*Yor.* Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:

My Granam told me he was murdred there.

*Prin.* I feare no vncles dead,

*Glo.* Nor none that liue, I hope.

*Prin.* And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare.

But come my L. with a heauy heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

*Exeunt, Prin, Yor, Hast, Dor. maner, Bish, Buc.*

*Buc.* Thinke you my Lo, this little prating Yorke,

Was not incenced by his subtile mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perlous boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,

He is all the mothers from the top to the toe,

*Buc.* Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby,*

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:

What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter

To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,

For the instalment of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

*Car.* He for his fathers sake soloues the Prince,

That he will not be wone to ought against him.

*Buc.* What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?

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Car.